



10¢

and

THUNDA

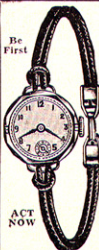
KING OF THE CONGO

No. 2





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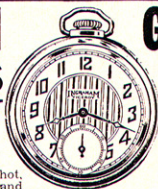
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Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles with Tube of Shot, 22 Cal. Rifles, Baseballs and Bats, Cameras (sent postage paid). Many other valuable Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Don't wait! Act today!

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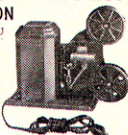
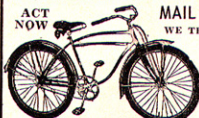
PREMIUMS or CASH GIVEN

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BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN



Movie Projectors with roll of film, Roller Skates (sent postage paid). Latest model Boys-Girls Bicycles, Wagons (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold easily to friends, neighbors and relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your starting order, postage paid by us. Write or mail coupon today. Act now! Be first! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. B-102, TYRONE, PA.**



BE FIRST

OUR 57th YEAR



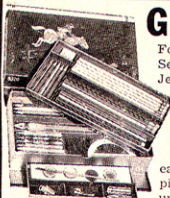
ACT NOW

GIVEN

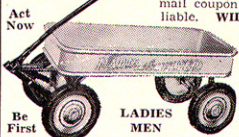
Electric Record Players, Radios, Complete Fishing Outfits, large size Ukuleles, lovable fully dressed Dolls over 13" in height (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Act Now! **WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. C-102, TYRONE, PA.**

GIVEN - GIVEN

Footballs, Complete Pencil Box Sets, 22 Cal. Rifles, Alarm Clocks, Jewelry, Billfolds (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or valuable Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We are reliable. **WILSON CHEM. CO., Dept. D-102, TYRONE, PA.**



BOYS GIRLS



Be First

LADIES MEN



WE TRUST YOU

OUR 57th YEAR

BOYS
GIRLS
LADIES
MEN

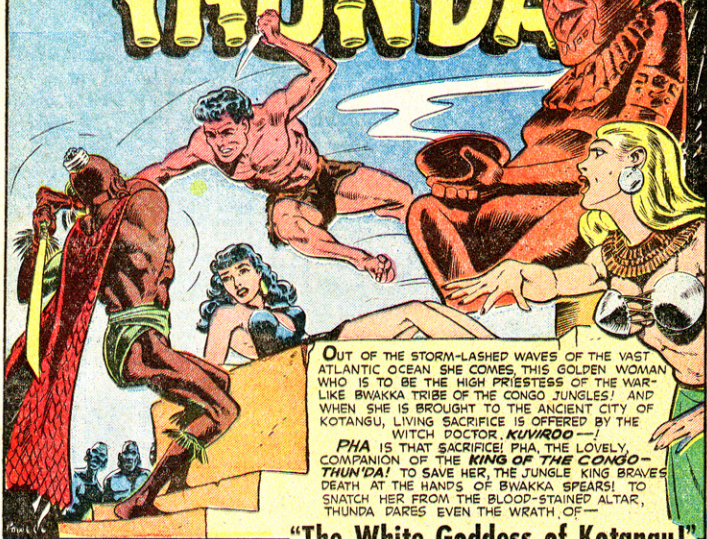
ACT NOW

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Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. ME-102, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:-Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age.....
St. RD..... Box.....
Town No..... State.....
Print LAST Name Here
Fast on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

THUN'DA

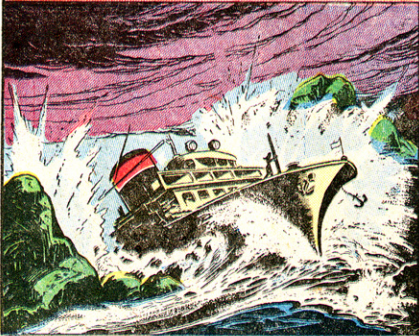


OUT OF THE STORM-LASHED WAVES OF THE VAST ATLANTIC OCEAN SHE COMES, THIS GOLDEN WOMAN WHO IS TO BE THE HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE WAR-LIKE BWAKKA TRIBE OF THE CONGO JUNGLES! AND WHEN SHE IS BROUGHT TO THE ANCIENT CITY OF KOTANGU, LIVING SACRIFICE IS OFFERED BY THE WITCH DOCTOR, **KUVIROO**—!

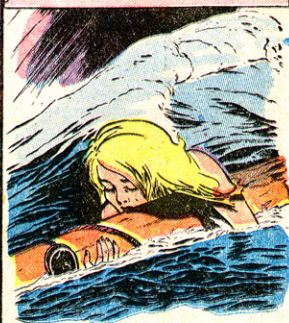
PHA IS THAT SACRIFICE! **PHA**, THE LOVELY, COMPANION OF THE **KING OF THE CONGO—THUN'DA!** TO SAVE HER, THE JUNGLE KING BRAVES DEATH AT THE HANDS OF BWAKKA SPEARS! TO SNATCH HER FROM THE BLOOD-STAINED ALTAR, **THUNDA** DARES EVEN THE WRATH OF—

"The White Goddess of Kotangu!"

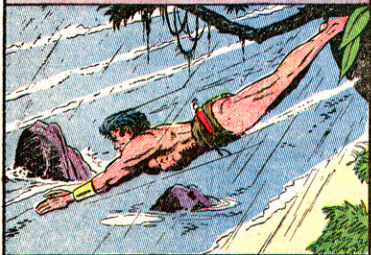
A SLEEK PLEASURE YACHT, CRIPPLED BY THE SLEDGEHAMMER BLOWS OF GIANT OCEAN WAVES SHATTERS ITSELF OFF THE COAST OF WEST AFRICA—



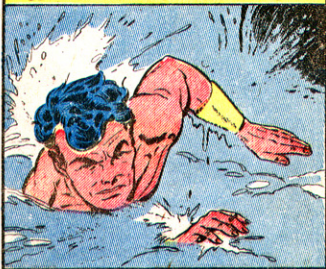
CLINGING TO THE WRECKAGE OF THE MAST, FROZEN BY THE COLD WATERS, ALONE ON THE DYING SHIP, IS A GIRL—



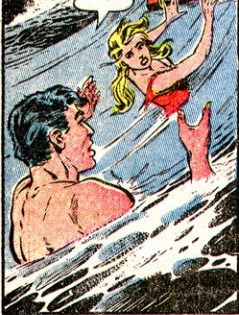
FROM THE SHELTERING BRANCHES OF A CONGO FOREST GIANT, **THUN'DA** LEAPS OUTWARD, INTO THE SPRAY AND THE RAIN—



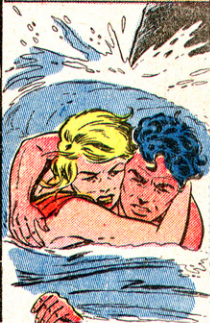
POWERFUL OVERHAND STROKES CARRY HIM BETWEEN THE RAZOR-EDGED ROCKS—



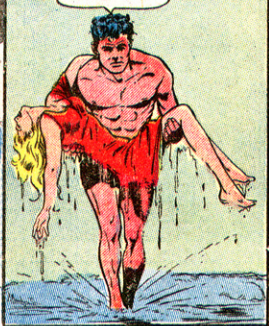
LET GO OF THE ROPES! FALL TOWARD ME! I WILL CATCH YOU!



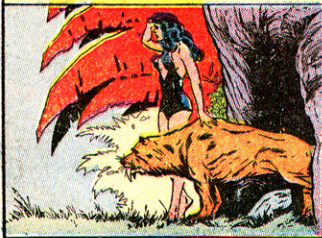
HER NUMBED FINGERS CLINGING DESPERATELY, THE BLONDE CASTAWAY RIDES THE MIGHTY JUNGLE LORD TOWARD SHORE...



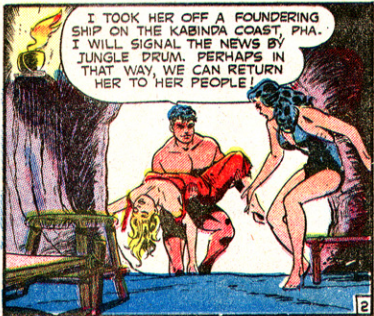
I WILL FIND PHA, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE. SHE WILL CARE FOR THE GOLDEN-HAIRED ONE!



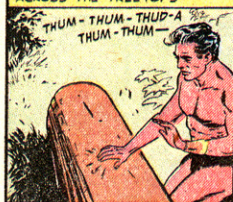
BURIED IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO IS A GREAT CAVE. HERE LIVES THE **KING OF THE CONGO** WITH **PHA** AND WITH **SABRE**, THE SABRETOOTH TIGER THAT THUN'DA HAS TAMED, AND BROUGHT WITH HIM FROM THE LOST LANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD...



I TOOK HER OFF A FOUNDERING SHIP ON THE KABINDA COAST, PHA. I WILL SIGNAL THE NEWS BY JUNGLE DRUM. PERHAPS IN THAT WAY, WE CAN RETURN HER TO HER PEOPLE!



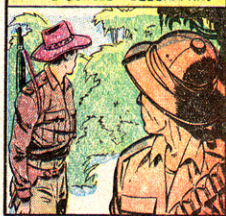
THE THUD OF PALMS AGAINST A HOLLOW LOG DRUM CARRIES WORD OF THE GOLDEN GIRL ACROSS THE TREETOPS —



OTHER DRUMMERS PICK UP THE NEWS, AND SEND IT ACROSS THE GRASSY LANDS OF SIMBA, THE LION...



SOUTHWARD TOWARD CAPE TOWN GOES THE STEADY THUD-THUD OF THE JUNGLE TELEGRAPH...



IN THE GREAT RUINS OF THE ANCIENT STONE CITY OF KOTANGU, **KUVIROO**—WITCH-DOCTOR OF THE BWAKKA TRIBE—STRAIGHTENS SUDDENLY...



THESE GOLDEN INGOTS AND ROPES OF DIAMONDS WERE MINED IN THE TIME-OF-LONG-AGO FOR THE GREAT KING SOLOMON! LOST FROM THE EYES OF MEN SINCE THEN, I—**KUVIROO**—FOUND THEM!



THIS GOLD WOULD BUY RIFLES AND BULLETS FOR MY PEOPLE! WITH THOSE GUNS, THE BWAKKA COULD CONQUER ALL THE JUNGLE! I WOULD BE A **KING**! BUT—MY PEOPLE FEAR THIS CITY! THEY THINK IT IS HAUNTED BY **DEAD SPIRITS**!



I SHALL TELL MY PEOPLE THIS WHITE WOMAN WAS SENT BY **MWENYIEZE M'NGU**, THE JUNGLE GOD, TO BE OUR GODDESS! SHE WILL TELL THEM TO ENTER KOTANGU FOR ITS GOLD! AND I WILL MAKE THEM OBEY HER!

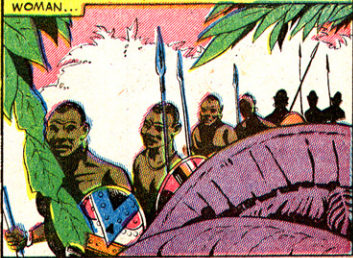


IN THE BWAKKA VILLAGE, THE CEREMONIAL
FIRES BLAZE FAR INTO THE NIGHT—

HA! THE MWENYEZE M'NGU
SPEAKS! HE HAS SENT A GOLDEN
GIRL TO BE OUR GODDESS! SENT
HER IN THE STORM AT SEA!



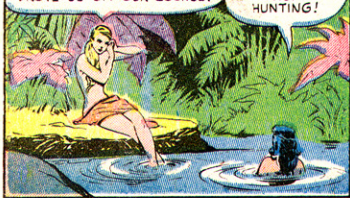
AT DAWN, A FILE OF PICKED SPEARMEN MOVE
INTO THE JUNGLES, SEEKING OUT THE GOLDEN
WOMAN...



MEANWHILE, REFRESHED BY SLEEP AND A BREAK-
FAST OF GAZELLE STEAKS, THE SHIPWRECKED
GIRL CHATS WITH PHA...

I WAS ON MY WAY TO VISIT
MY MOTHER AND FATHER IN
CAPETOWN, WHEN THE STORM
PROVE US' OFF OUR COURSE.

THUN'DA WILL
TAKE YOU TO
THEM WHEN
HE RETURNS
FROM
HUNTING!



THUN'DA CAN DO ANYTHING!
HE CAN GO ANYWHERE! HE IS
THE GREATEST MAN IN ALL THE
JUNGLE! HERE HE IS KING!



FROM THE THICK FOLIAGE,
HARD EYES GLITTER—



STRONG HANDS REACH OUT!
POWERFUL FINGERS CLOSE DOWN,
CHOKING—



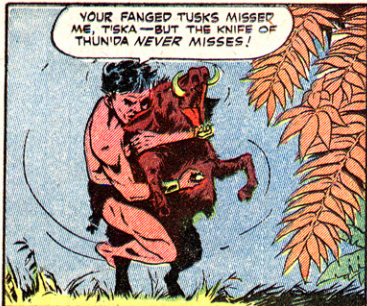
FOR ONE MOMENT PHA FREES
HERSELF, SHE SCREAMS!



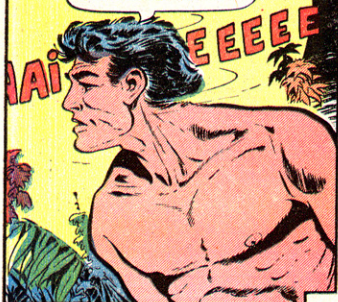
MILES AWAY, THE CONGO KING HUNTS T'SKA,
THE GREAT TUSKED HOG —



YOUR FANGED TUSKS MISSED
ME, T'SKA — BUT THE KNIFE OF
THUN'DA NEVER MISSES!

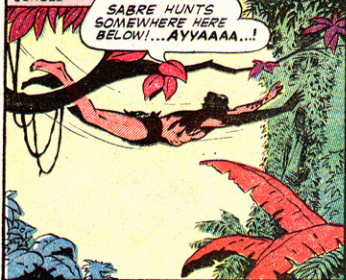


PHA SREAMS! SHE
IS IN DEADLY DANGER!

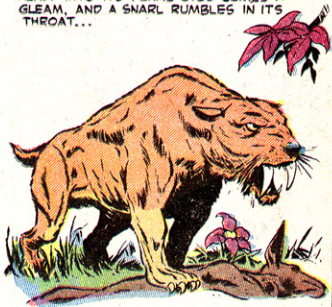


AS SILENT AS A SHADOW, AS SWIFTLY AS FFA,
THE LIGHTNING, THUN'DA RACES THROUGH THE
JUNGLE —

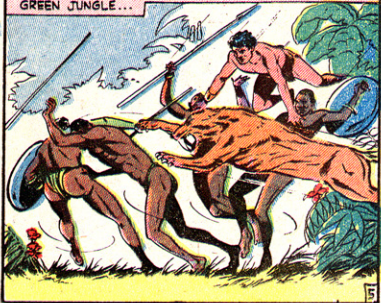
SABRE HUNTS
SOMEWHERE HERE
BELOW!...AYYAAAA...!



ON THE SOFT LOAM OF THE JUNGLE FLOOR,
A GIGANTIC SABRETOOTH TIGER LIFTS ITS
HEAD. INTO ITS FERAL EYES COMES A
GLEAM, AND A SNARL RUMBLES IN ITS
THROAT...



THEN, IN ANSWER TO THUN'DA'S CALL, THE SABRE-
TOOTH LEAPS SWIFTLY ALONG THE WOODED TRAILS.
TOGETHER, MAN AND BEAST EMERGE FROM THE
GREEN JUNGLE...

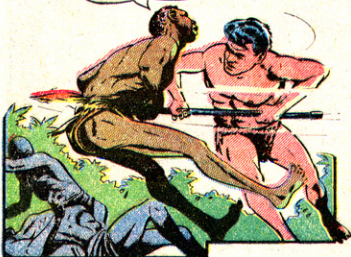


NONE CAN STAND BEFORE THESE TWO!
EACH FIGHTS SILENTLY, WITH PRIMAL RAGE
TWISTING THEIR LIPS...

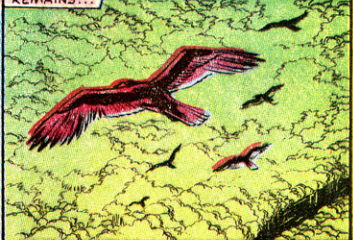
NO MERCY, BROTHER!
THEY HUNTED PHA!



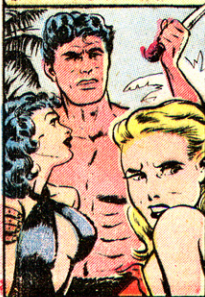
AAAAAGH!



IN A MOMENT, THE JUNGLE IS SILENT. DEATH HAS
COME AND GONE. ONLY LOOKOO, THE BUZZARD,
REMAINS...



THUN'DA HAS PROTECTED
HIS WOMAN AND HER GUEST.
HE HAS VISITED THE LAW OF
FANG AND CLAW ON HIS
ENEMIES, FOR THIS IS THE
LAW OF THE JUNGLE...



IN THE BWAKKA VILLAGE,
ONE MAN SOBS HIS
STORY...

WE FELL TO THE
FATHER OF TIGERS AND
THE GREAT JUNGLE KING,
THUN'DA THE TERRIBLE!
LIKE TWO LIONS THEY
ARE, KUVIROO! NO MAN
MAY STAND BEFORE
THEIR MIGHT!



FOR LONG INTO THE NIGHT, KUVIROO
SITS AND BROODS. AT DAYBREAK—

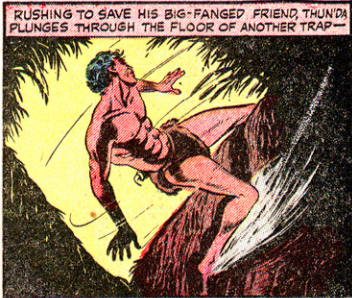
IN THIS PIT WE SHALL TRAP THE
FATHER OF TIGERS! IN ANOTHER
PIT, WE SHALL CATCH THUN'DA!
THEN KUVIROO WILL BE KING
OF THE CONGO!



TWO DAYS LATER—



RUSHING TO SAVE HIS BIG-FANGED FRIEND, THUN'DA PLUNGES THROUGH THE FLOOR OF ANOTHER TRAP—



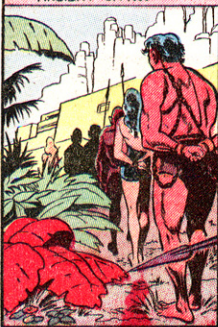
AND A SCORE OF BRAWNY BWAKKA WARRIORS DRAG TWO SCREAMING GIRLS THROUGH THE THICK JUNGLE.



WITHIN THE DARK INTERIORS OF THE TRIBAL HUTS, WANDA HENDERSON IS DRUGGED, AND GARBED IN CENTURIES-OLD GARMENTS BROUGHT BY KUVIROO FROM KOTANGU...



WITH THE WHITE GODDESS LEADING THE WAY, THE BWAKKA COME AT LAST TO THE ANCIENT CITY...



HERE, ON THE ALTAR, STAINED WITH THE DRIED BLOOD OF FORMER VICTIMS, ARE THE GOLDEN MANACLES IN WHICH PHA IS CHAINED...



HERE, IN THE WET DUNGEONS FAR BELOW THE ALTAR OF AHOOB, THUN'DA IS CAGED LIKE SOME FANGED BEAST...



PROWLING THE LENGTH OF HIS CELL, HE STOOPS TO FIT HIS HANDS UNDER THE SMOOTH BARS OF THE WALL GRILLS...

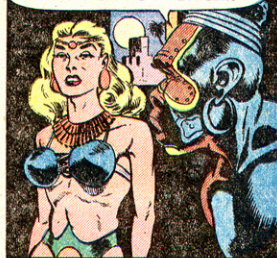
IT YIELDS! IT LIFTS! IT GIVES ME A WAY OUT TO THE CORRIDOR BEYOND THIS WALL!

IN A NEARBY CELL, THE CONGO KING FINDS SABRE TRUSSED AND BOUND —

QUIET, BIG-FANGED BROTHER! WE MUST NOT ALARM THE BWAKKA—UNTIL WE ARE READY TO STRIKE!

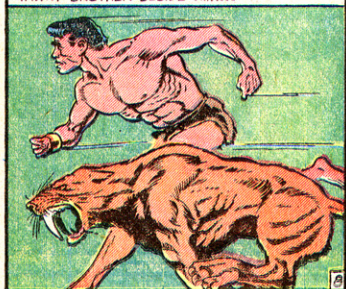
SLOWLY THE MOON RISES OVER THE ANCIENT RUINS OF KOTANGU...

IT IS TIME FOR THE SACRIFICE! IN THAT WAY, WE SHALL PACIFY AHOOB, THE ANCIENT GOD OF KOTANGU, AND SHOW MY PEOPLE THEY NEED FEAR THE DEAD SPIRITS NO LONGER!

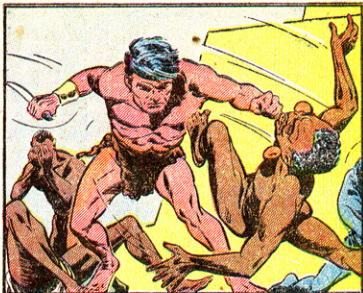
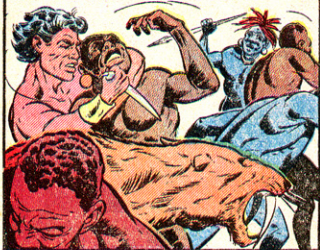


SUDDENLY, A WAR ARROW WHISTLES IN THE AIR! IT PLUNGES DEEP INTO KUVIROO'S CHEST!

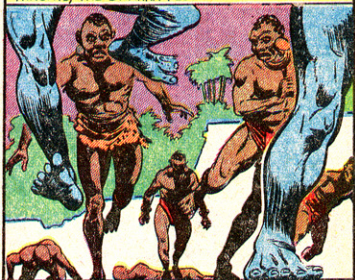
THE MIGHTY JUNGLE KING LEAPS FORWARD, HIS TAWNY BROTHER BESIDE HIM...



LIKE TWO BEASTS, THEY STRIKE AMONG THE
TERRIFIED WARRIORS...



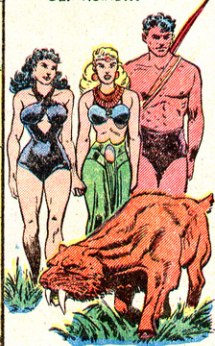
WITH SCREAMS OF STARK FEAR BUBBLING IN THEIR
THROATS, THE BWAKKA FLEE—



BEHIND THEM, THUN'DA LIFTS PHA
FROM THE GOLDEN MANACLES...



HER EYES GRADUALLY CLEARING
AS THE DRUG WEARS OFF,
WANDA IS LEAD FROM THE
OLD RUINS...



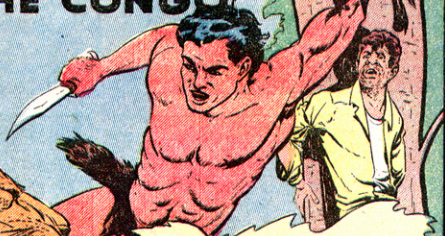
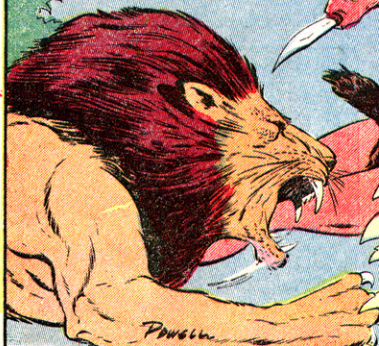
AND WITH SABRE SHOWING THE WAY
THUN'DA TAKES UP THE LONG TREK
SOUTH TOWARD CAPETOWN...



THE END

THUN'DA

KING OF THE CONGO



MEN GO INTO THE DEEP JUNGLES OF THE CONGO FOR MANY REASONS. SOME GO TO FORGET A WOMAN. OTHERS GO TO HUNT THE WILD ANIMALS THAT HAUNT THE BAOBAB GROVES, AND STILL OTHER MEN GO—LIKE SLINKY JAMES JEWEL THIEF—TO HIDE!

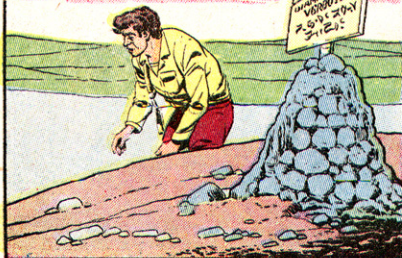
AND WHEN THE TRAILS OF DIAMOND THIEF AND JUNGLE KING CROSS, **THUN'DA** COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE STRANGE JUSTICE METED OUT BY THE CONGO, IN—

THE DIAMOND DEATH

THE DIAMOND MINE RULERS OF SOUTH AFRICA ERECT MANY BARRIERS TO PREVENT ANY THEFT OF THE GLITTERING WHITE JEWELS THEY DIG UP FROM THE SOFT BLUE CLAY, BUT A CLEVER MAN CAN DETECT THOSE BARRIERS...

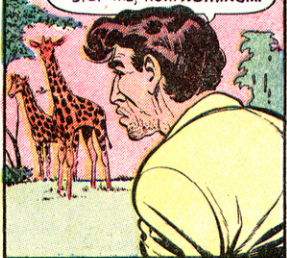
SLIPPED THROUGH THEIR ELECTRIC FENCES...THEIR BARBED WIRES...! NOW I GOT A CLEAR STRETCH AHEAD OF ME...TO THE CONGO...!

DIAMOND AREA
KEEP OUT
UNAUTHORIZED ENTRY
VIOLATION
PUNISHED
BY THE LAW

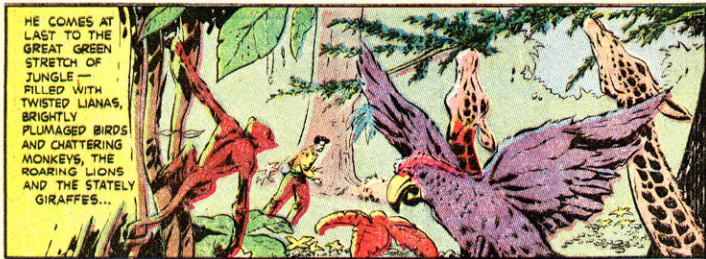


DAY BY DAY, ON FOOT, SLINKY JAMES— WITH A FORTUNE IN BRILLIANT DIAMONDS HIDDEN ON HIS PERSON—MOVES NORTH-WARD...

I EVEN ELUDDED THE POLICE DOGS THE MINES TURN LOOSE TO CATCH THIEVES! NOTHING CAN STOP ME, NOW. **NOTHING...**!



HE COMES AT
LAST TO THE
GREAT GREEN
STRETCH OF
JUNGLE—
FILLED WITH
TWISTED LIANAS,
BRIGHTLY
PLUMAGED BIRDS
AND CHATTERING
MONKEYS, THE
ROARING LIONS
AND THE STATELY
GIRAFFES...



THIS IS NO HOME FOR A MAN
WHO HAS KNOWN THE SOFTNESS
OF A BED, THE TASTE OF CHEF-
PREPARED FOOD! IT IS FRIGHTENING
...FEARFUL...!

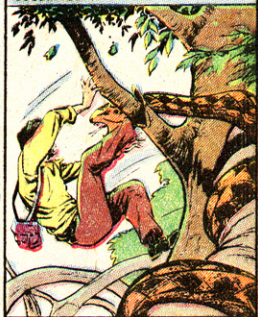
THAT DEER—IT
MIGHT HAVE BEEN **ME**—IF IT
WASN'T FOR—SHEER LUCK!



GOT TO...KEEP
GOING! PAREN'T
STOP...OR I MIGHT
MAKE A MEAL FOR
A PANTHER, OR
ANOTHER LEOPARD...!



HIS MEALS ARE FRIGHTENED
GOBBLINGS...



NO SOONER DOES ONE TERROR
FADE INTO HIS MEMORY THAN
A NEW ONE RISES TO TAKE
ITS PLACE...



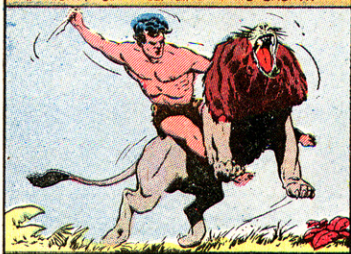
A MILLION DOLLARS—IN
DIAMONDS—HIDDEN ON ME—
AND I'M GOING TO DIE!
EATEN!...BY A MANGY
LION...



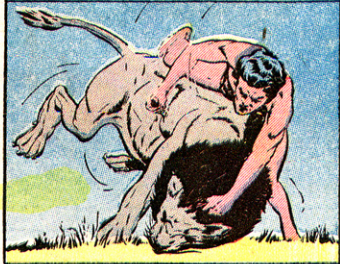
AND THEN A SCREAM MORE TERRIBLE
THAN ANY SLINKY JAMES HAS YET
HEARD RINGS IN HIS EARS! BEFORE
HIS BULGING EYES A GREAT WHITE
GIANT DROPS FROM THE TREETOPS!



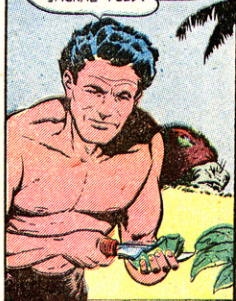
WITH AN EARTH-SHAKING ROAR, THE GREAT JUNGLE BEAST TRIES FRANTICALLY TO DISLodge THE MIGHTY GIANT CLINGING TO ITS BACK...



AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE LONG STEEL KNIFE DRINKS DEEP OF THE LION'S BLOOD...



THE MAN IS GONE! FEAR MUST HAVE BEEN CHEWING AT HIS INSIDES, AS THE HYENA AND THE JACKAL FEED!



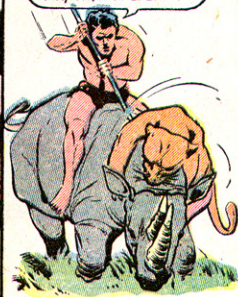
PEEPER INTO THE CONGO JUNGLE STAGGERS THE TERROR-RIDDEN DIAMOND THIEF...

THE LION WILL KILL THAT FOOL! GOT TO GET FAR AWAY... SO HE WON'T COME AFTER—ME...!

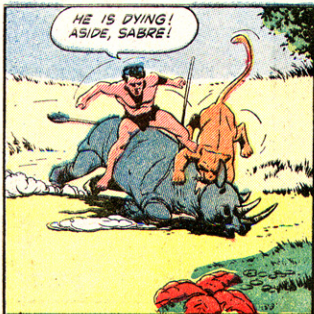


SOME DAYS LATER, AS THUN'DA HUNTS THE CONGO TRAILS WITH HIS GREAT SABRETOOTH TIGER...

FEW CAN KILL THE RHINOCEROS, RA'AKA DIN, WITH A SPEAR!



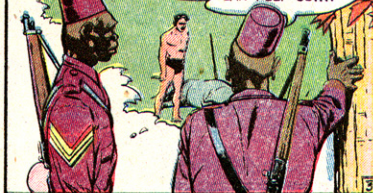
HE IS DYING! ASIDE, SABRE!



FROM THE RIM OF THE GRASSY PLAIN, HARD EYES WATCH THE JUNGLE KING...

I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT IF WE HADN'T SEEN IT!

HE KILLED A RHINO— WITH A *SPEAR!* THERE'S NO DOUBT OF IT— HE *MUST* BE THE FABULOUS THUN'DA! PERHAPS HE CAN HELP US...!





WE ARE FRIENDS!

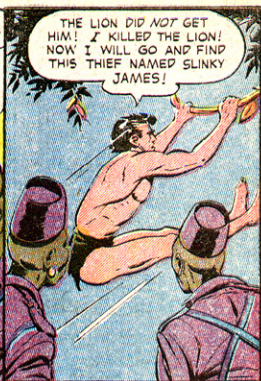
WE COME TO ASK ABOUT A MAN NAMED SLINKY JAMES!



I KNOW NO MAN BY THAT NAME, BUT HOLD—THERE WAS A MAN, A LITTLE MAN WITH A HEAVY SHOCK OF HAIR—ALMOST KILLED BY A LION...

HE WAS KILLED?

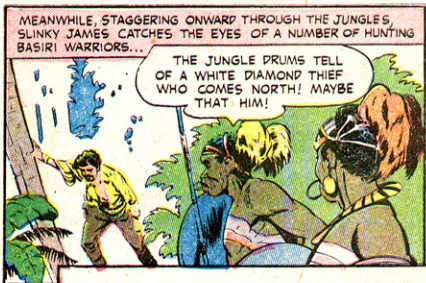
LION GOT HIM, EH?



THE LION DID NOT GET HIM! I KILLED THE LION! NOW I WILL GO AND FIND THIS THIEF NAMED SLINKY JAMES!



THIS IS THUN'DA'S JUNGLE! NO MAN MAY ENTER HERE WITHOUT THUN'DA'S PERMISSION! THIS SLINKY JAMES IS A BAD MAN—A THIEF! HE MUST BE FOUND—AND DELIVERED TO THE POLICE!



MEANWHILE, STAGGERING ONWARD THROUGH THE JUNGLES, SLINKY JAMES CATCHES THE EYES OF A NUMBER OF HUNTING BASIRI WARRIORS...

THE JUNGLE DRUMS TELL OF A WHITE DIAMOND THIEF WHO COMES NORTH! MAYBE THAT HIM!



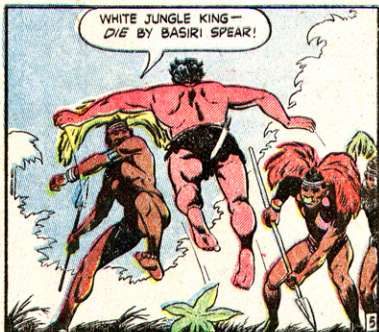
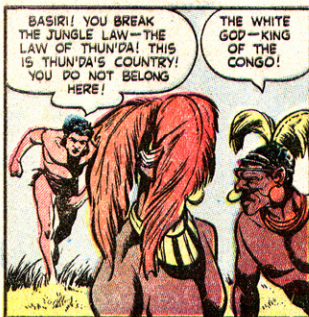
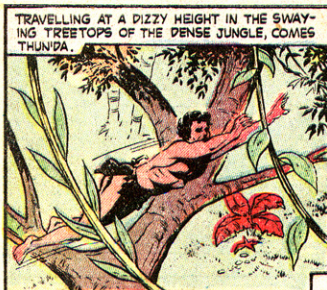
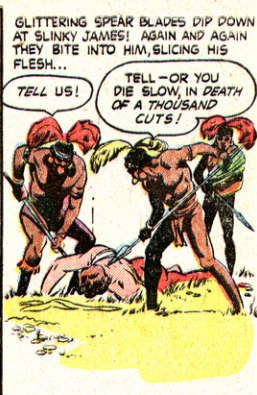
yiiii!

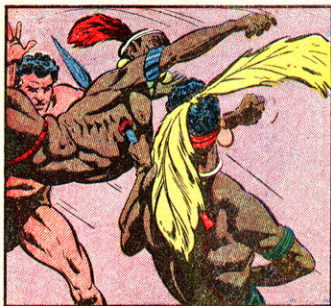
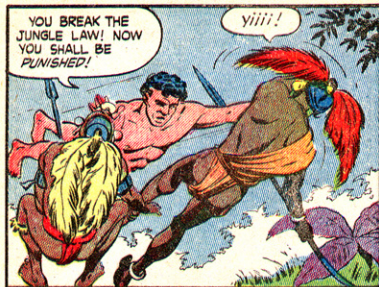
HIM SCREAM LIKE WOMAN FRIGHTENED BY CROCODILE! GET HIM!



HIM FALL!

THUD





IN TATTERED, BLOODY RAGS, SLINKY JAMES CRAWLS UNSEEN UNDER A NEARBY BUSH, AND THEN FLEES ALONG A WELL-MARKED GAME TRAIL...

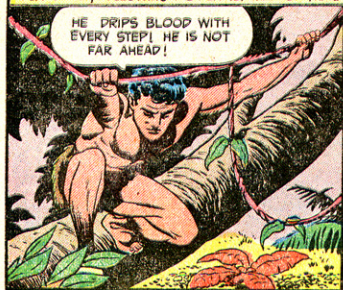
THEY'RE TOO BUSY FIGHTING THAT WHITE GIANT TO SEE ME! I CAN GET AWAY... GO ON!



BUT NOW THE TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE CLOSE IN AROUND THE RACING THIEF—FOR THE SMELL OF BLOOD GOES OUT ACROSS THE TREETOPS LIKE A CLARION CALL!

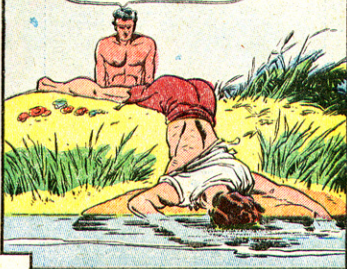
WATER UP AHEAD! I CAN SEE IT FROM HERE. THOSE CATS WON'T FOLLOW ME IN WATER...!

MEANWHILE, FOLLOWING THE PLAINLY MARKED TRAIL—

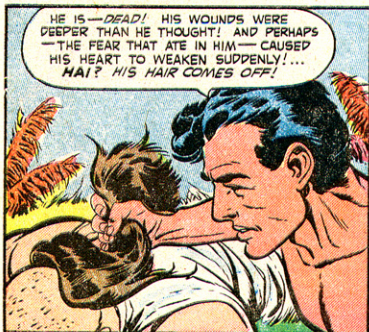


HE DRIPS BLOOD WITH EVERY STEP! HE IS NOT FAR AHEAD!

I'VE FOUND HIM! BUT WHY DOES HE LIE SO LIFELESS? SO STILL?



HE IS—DEAD! HIS WOUNDS WERE DEEPER THAN HE THOUGHT! AND PERHAPS—THE FEAR THAT ATE IN HIM—CAUSED HIS HEART TO WEAKEN SUDDENLY!... HAI? HIS HAIR COMES OFF!



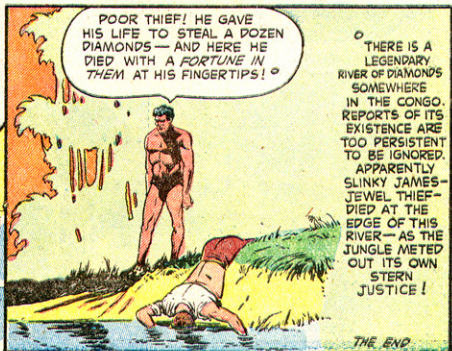
A WIG! AND IN HIS WIG—THE STOLEN DIAMONDS!



HIS FISTS ARE FILLED WITH BRIGHT PEBBLES—NO! NOT PEBBELS—BUT—DIAMONDS! THE FLOOR OF THE RIVER—COVERED WITH THEM!



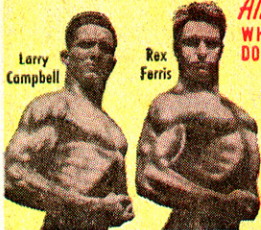
POOR THIEF! HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO STEAL A DOZEN DIAMONDS—AND HERE HE DIED WITH A FORTUNE IN THEM AT HIS FINGERTIPS!



THERE IS A LEGENDARY RIVER OF DIAMONDS SOMEWHERE IN THE CONGO. REPORTS OF ITS EXISTENCE ARE TOO PERSISTENT TO BE IGNORED. APPARENTLY SLINKY JAMES—JEWEL THIEF—DIED AT THE EDGE OF THIS RIVER—AS THE JUNGLE METED OUT ITS OWN STERN JUSTICE!

THE END

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS paid only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses
YOUR LAST CHANCE only **10c**
with **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder



ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you—inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF...

10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

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PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT
Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

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Champion of Champions

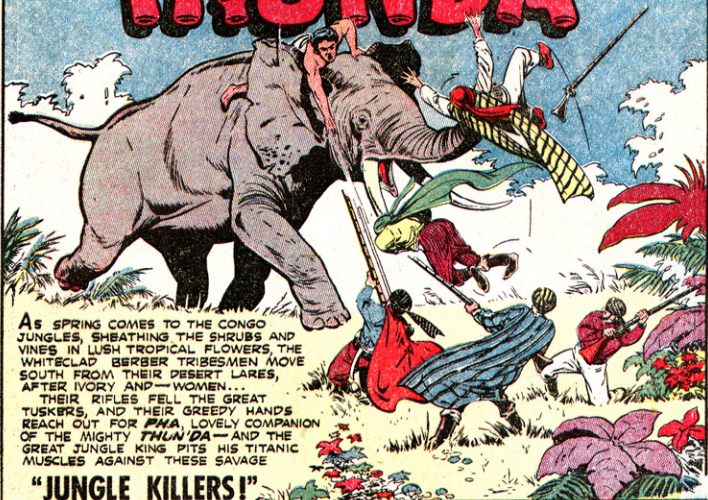
Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses: 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____
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ADDRESS _____ NO C.O.D.'s

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THUN'DA



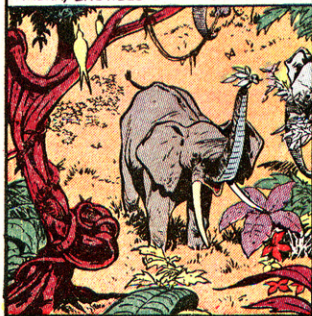
AS SPRING COMES TO THE CONGO JUNGLES, SHEATHING THE SHRUBS AND VINES IN LUSH TROPICAL FLOWERS, THE WHITECLAD BERBER TRIBESMEN MOVE SOUTH FROM THEIR DESERT LARES, AFTER IVORY AND—WOMEN...

THEIR RIFLES FELL THE GREAT TUSKERS, AND THEIR GREEDY HANDS REACH OUT FOR *MUKA*, LOVELY COMPANION OF THE MIGHTY *THUN'DA*—AND THE GREAT JUNGLE KING PITS HIS TITANIC MUSCLES AGAINST THESE SAVAGE

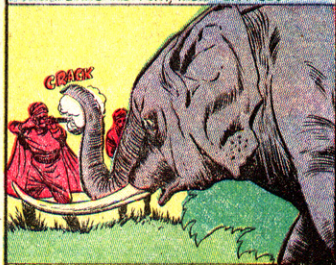
"JUNGLE KILLERS!"

AND THEN THE ROAR OF THE RIFLE IS HEARD IN THE LAND, AND THE TUSKER BESIDE *MUKA* COLLAPSES...

SPRING IS A PEACEFUL TIME IN THE JUNGLE. HERE THE HUGE ELEPHANT, *MUKA*, BROWSES ON TENDER LEAVES...



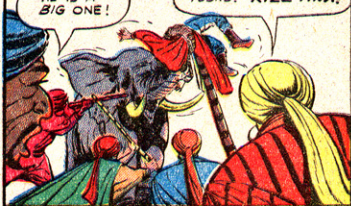
TRUMPETING HIS FURY, MUKA CHARGES!



WOUNDED—STUNG BY THESE TINY LEAD PELLETS THAT RIP INTO HIS THICK HIDE, TO BURN AND STING HIM INTO MAD FURY—MUKA CHARGES AMONG THE BERBERS...

HE IS A BIG ONE!

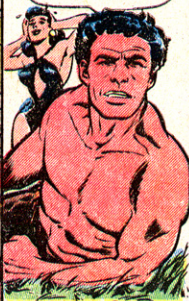
LOOK AT HIS TUSKS! KILL HIM!



THE EXPERIENCED BERBER IVORY-HUNTERS KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A BULL ELEPHANT, EVEN SUCH A HUGE MONSTER AS MUKA!

IN THE JUNGLE GLADES, THUN'DA, KING OF THE CONGA—LOLLS AT HIS EASE WITH PHA

I HEAR RIFLES! BERBER RIFLES—IN THE JUNGLE!

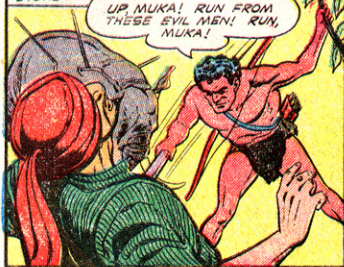


REMAIN HERE, PHA! ARAB IVORY-HUNTERS ARE KILLING MUKA AND HIS PEOPLE!



MOMENTS LATER, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE JUNGLE, THUN'DA DROPS LIKE A FALLING STONE—

UP, MUKA! RUN FROM THESE EVIL MEN! RUN, MUKA!



AS HIS ARROWS THUD INTO THEM, THE BEARERS THROW AWAY THEIR WEAPONS—

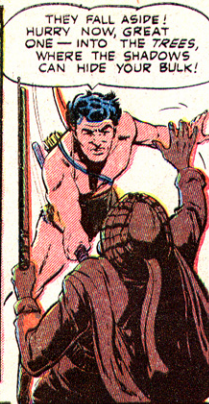
THE JUNGLE KING!

FLEE! FLEE!

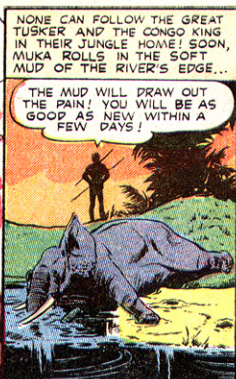




QUICKLY, BIG ONE!
AWAY WITH YOU BEFORE
THE BERBERS CAN REGROUP
THEIR BEARERS... YOU
CANNOT FIGHT THEIR
GUNS!



THEY FALL ASIDE!
HURRY NOW, GREAT
ONE— INTO THE TREES,
WHERE THE SHADOWS
CAN HIDE YOUR BULK!



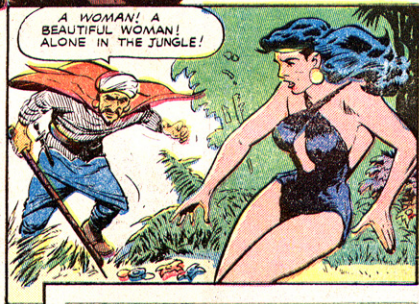
NONE CAN FOLLOW THE GREAT
TUSKER AND THE CONGO KING
IN THEIR JUNGLE HOME! SOON,
MUKA ROLLS IN THE SOFT
MUD OF THE RIVER'S EDGE...

THE MUD WILL DRAW OUT
THE PAIN! YOU WILL BE AS
GOOD AS NEW WITHIN A
FEW DAYS!



MEANWHILE, WORRIED BY THUN'DA'S
LONG ABSENCE, PHA GOES SEEKING
HIM...

THUN'DA! WHERE
ARE YOU?

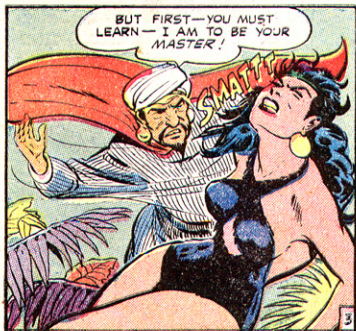


A WOMAN! A
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!
ALONE IN THE JUNGLE!



SAVAGELY PHA BATTLES! IN THE EYES OF
THIS HUMAN JACKAL, SHE READS GREED
AND FURY...

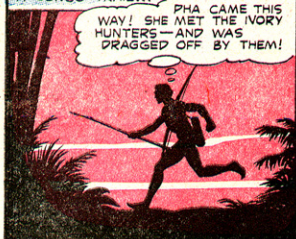
IN THE SLAVE MARTS
OF DJIBOUTI, YOU WILL
FETCH MANY GOLD
PIECES!



BUT FIRST—YOU MUST
LEARN—I AM TO BE YOUR
MASTER!

SMASH!

AS DAY SLIPS INTO NIGHT, AND AS NIGHT MERGES INTO DAY, THUN'DA FOLLOWS A CONGO TRAIL...



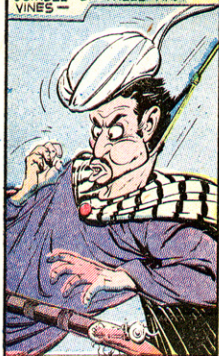
PHA CAME THIS WAY! SHE MET THE IVORY HUNTERS—AND WAS DRAGGED OFF BY THEM!

HOURS LATER, THE GREAT JUNGLE LORD CATCHES UP WITH THE BERBER IVORY CARAVAN...

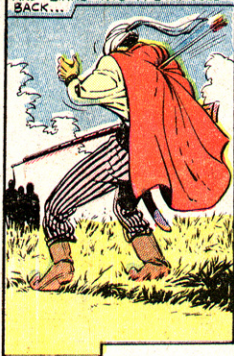


THE BERBERS MAY HAVE GUNS! ALONE—I CAN DO LITTLE AGAINST THEM! BUT PERHAPS... THERE IS A WAY...

LATER—A GRASS ROPE* SILENTLY DROPS FROM THE JUMBLE OF TREES AND VINES—



FARTHER ALONG THE TRAIL—AN ARROW SLIPS THROUGH A BUSH AND SINKS INTO A STRAGGLER'S BACK...



AS THE CARAVAN MOVES FORWARD, ACROSS THE TRAIL, THEY FIND MANY GRISLY WARNINGS...

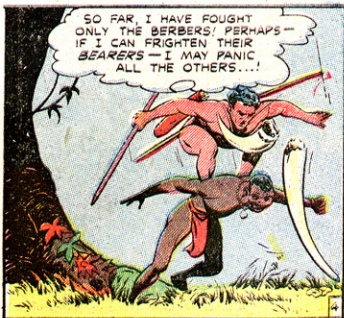


SOON ONLY FISTS AND CLUBS KEEP THE NATIVE BEARERS AT THEIR TASKS...

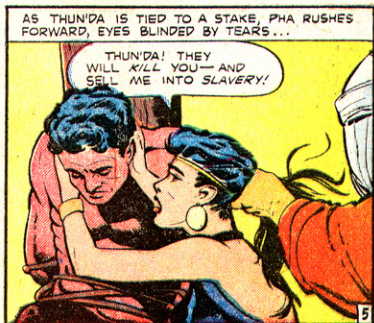
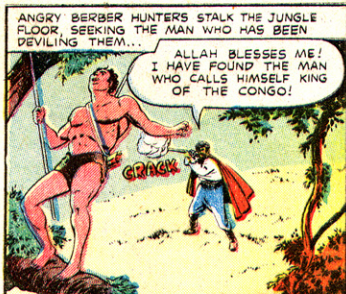
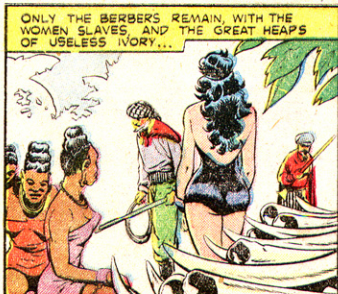


PICK UP THE IVORY! CARRY IT!

PICK IT UP!



SO FAR, I HAVE FOUGHT ONLY THE BERBERS! PERHAPS—IF I CAN FRIGHTEN THEIR BEARERS—I MAY PANIC ALL THE OTHERS....!





HA! WE SHALL MAKE THE WOMAN WATCH WHILE THE BEARERS SLASH THE JUNGLE KING TO RIBBONS!



DRIVEN BY FISTS AND WHIPS, THE BEARERS LIFT THEIR SPEARS! IN FEAR THEY DANCE AROUND THE MIGHTY THUN'DA—

THESE THINGS ARE TOO TIGHT! I CAN NEVER FREE MYSELF!

AND THEN THE MIGHTY JUNGLE KING LIFTS HIS HEAD! TO HIS KEEN EARS THERE COMES A SOUND, FAINTLY CARRIED ON THE WIND...AND HE CRIES OUT...

AAAAAIIII YAAAA-
HAAAAAIIII

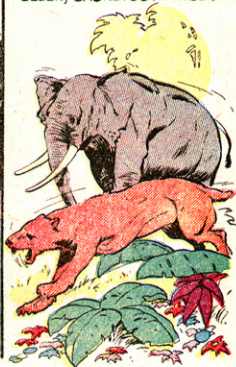


IN A NEARBY JUNGLE CLEARING, MUKA MUNCHES ON TENDER BANANAS...BUT AT THAT CALL, HIS GREAT EARS FLAP, AND HIS TRUNK CURLS...

BWAAA...

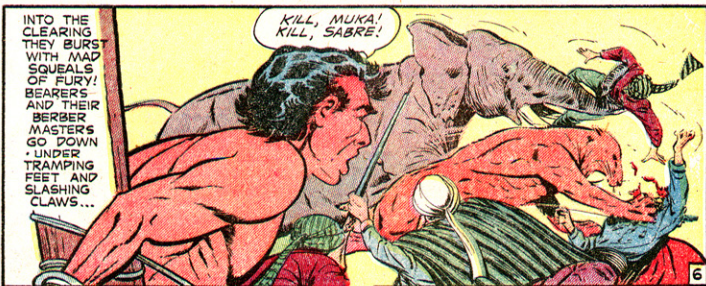


THE MIGHTY FOURTEEN-TON MONSTER RACES FORWARD, TO BE JOINED BY A GREAT, SLEEK, SABRETOOTH TIGER—



INTO THE CLEARING THEY BURST WITH MAD SQUEALS OF FURY! BEARERS AND THEIR BERBER MASTERS GO DOWN UNDER TRAMPING FEET AND SLASHING CLAWS...

KILL, MUKA!
KILL, SABRE!

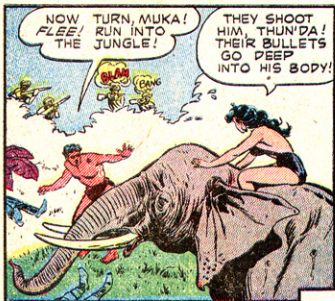
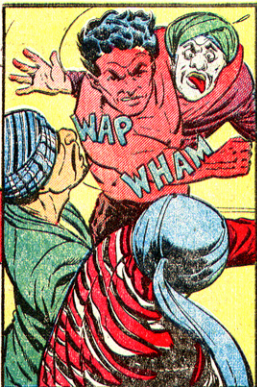


AS THE BERBER WHO HOLDS HER LEADS TO SNATCH UP HIS RIFLE, PHA GRASPS A FALLEN SPEAR...

I AM COMING, MUKA! I JOIN YOU IN YOUR FIGHT, SABRE!

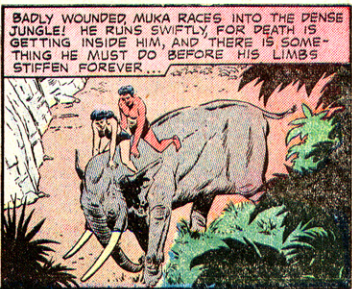
MOVING LIKE A MADDENED PANTHER, THE CONGO KING HURLS HIMSELF ON THE BERBER IVORY-HUNTERS!

NOW IT IS THUN'DA'S TURN!



NOW TURN, MUKA! FLEE! RUN INTO THE JUNGLE!

THEY SHOOT HIM, THUN'DA! THEIR BULLETS GO DEEP INTO HIS BODY!



BADLY WOUNDED, MUKA RACES INTO THE DENSE JUNGLE! HE RUNS SWIFTLY FOR DEATH IS GETTING INSIDE HIM, AND THERE IS SOMETHING HE MUST DO BEFORE HIS LIMBS STIFFEN FOREVER...

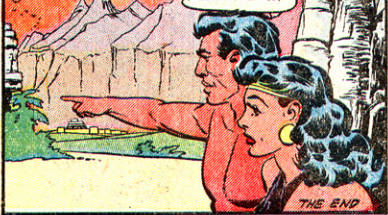
AND SO MUKA COMES AT LAST TO THAT FABLED PLACE THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE—THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD! HERE HE KNEELS AND ROLLS OVER TO ADD HIS BONES TO THE MILLIONS THAT COVER THE FLOOR OF THE HIDDEN AMPITHEATRE...

THE GRAVE OF ALL THE ELEPHANTS! HERE THEY COME TO DIE! THIS EXPLAINS WHY NO ELEPHANT, THAT HAS DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES, HAS EVER BEEN FOUND!

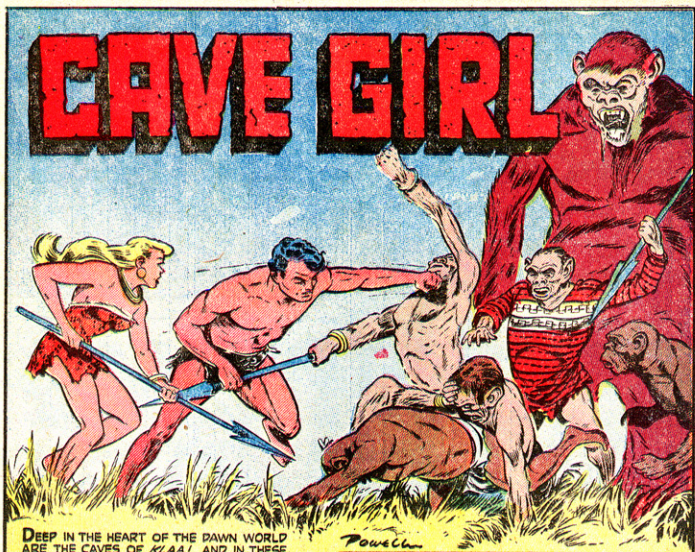


A LITTLE WAY BEYOND THE GRAVEYARD, THERE IS A MOUNTAIN PASS. CURIOUS, THUN'DA SEEKS IT, AND BEFORE HIS EYES—

SEE, PHA—THE DAWN LANDS! LOOK! WE HAVE FOUND ANOTHER PATHWAY TO OUR HOME, AND THE CITY OF SHAREEN...



CAVE GIRL



DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE DAWN WORLD ARE THE CAVES OF ALAA! AND IN THESE CAVES LIVES THE **CAVE GIRL** — LOVELY, STRONG, BARBARIC IN HER SAVAGERY! AND WITH **THUN'DA, KING OF THE CONGO**, SHE FIGHTS TOOTH AND NAIL AGAINST THE BESTIAL PRIESTS AND SOLDIERS OF THE MIGHTY ANIMAL THAT IS — **THE APE GOD OF KOR**!

Powell



THUN'DA!
LOOK OUT!

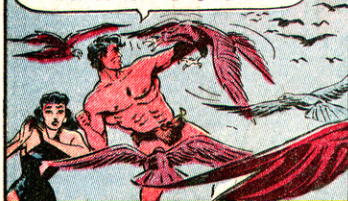
BIRDS! THOUSANDS
OF BIRDS!



YOUR EYES, PHA!
GUARD THEM WELL! THESE
WINGED DEVILS SEEK THEM
WITH THEIR BEAKS AND
TALONS....!

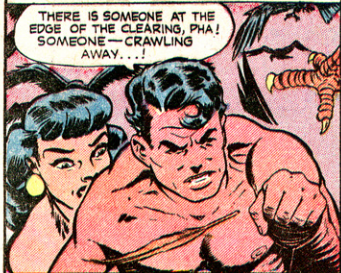
A FEATHERED HORDE—DOVES, HAWKS, FALCONS, OSPREYS, KINGFISHERS, BLUEBIRDS—BATTER THE JUNGLE LORD WITH THEIR WINGS, WHILE THEIR CLAWS RAKE HIS FLESH...

IT IS LIKE FIGHTING A CLOUD! ONE PART GOES AWAY, WHILE ANOTHER PART ARRIVES TO TAKE ITS PLACE...



HIS GREAT FISTS BATTERING A PATHWAY, THE JUNGLE LORD STRIDES FORWARD—

THERE IS SOMEONE AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, PHA! SOMEONE—CRAWLING AWAY...!



HE MUST NOT KILL ME! I WILL NOT LET HIM! THE BIRDS MUST SAVE ME FROM HIM AS THEY SAVED ME FROM BOORG...



COME THEN! I WILL DIE FIGHTING YOU...

I DO NOT SEEK TO HARM YOU, ONLY TO HELP!



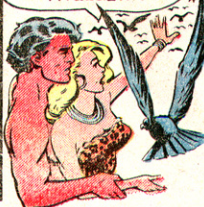
WITH A SIDEWISE FLASH OF HIS MIGHTY HAND THE CONGO KING SENDS CAVE GIRL'S HUNTING KNIFE FLYING. AS SHE FEELS IT LEAVE HER FINGERS, HER SENSES REEL. HER KNEES TURN TO WATER...

PHA—QUICKLY! SHE FAINTS!

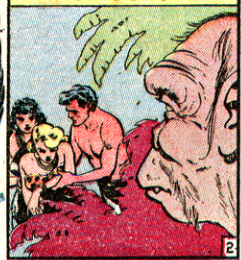


THE BIRDS SWOOP DOWN, SHRIIL SCREAMS STRETCHING THEIR HARD BEAKS. THE CAVE GIRL OPENS HER EYES. HER LIPS TRILL SOFTLY...

TWIIIRLL... TWEEE... HE MEANS NO HARM, BROTHERS OF THE AIR... TWIIIRLL-TWEEE...!



FROM THE VINE-INFESTED JUNGLE, HARD LITTLE EYES WATCH CRUELLY, FOR THIS IS BOORG, HIGH PRIEST OF KOR—SMALL, POWERFUL—CRUEL AS A HUNTING LION!



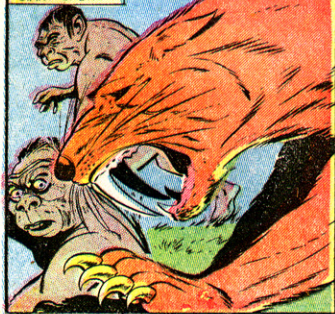
HOWLING AND SCREAMING, BOORG LEADS HIS HAIRY FOLLOWERS TOWARD THUNDA—

THE APEMEN
OF KOR!

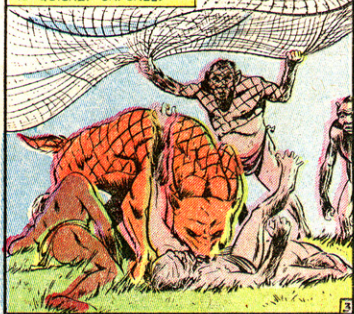
I WANT THEM—
ALIVE! THE GIRLS WILL NOT STOP
US THIS TIME, AS THEY DID WHEN
WE TRIED TO CAPTURE CAVE GIRL!



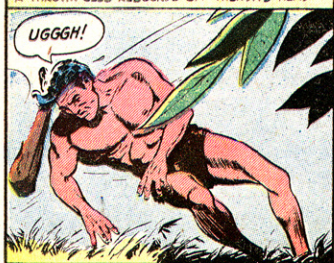
FROM THE HUNTING TRAILS OF THE DAWN WORLD,
ALONG WHICH HE HAS SLIPPED, COMES THE
GIANT SABRE—



BUT THE APEMEN OF KOR HAVE FOUGHT THE LONG
TUSKS BEFORE! FROM THE BACK OF ONE A NET
IS QUICKLY UNFURLED—



A THROWN CLUB REBOUNDS OFF THUNDA'S HEAD —



FOR LONG MOMENTS, DAZED BY THE IMPACT, THE GREAT JUNGLE LORD STRUGGLES MADLY! BUT TWENTY MEN AGAINST ONE — EVEN THE KING OF THE CONGO HIMSELF, ARE TOO MANY...



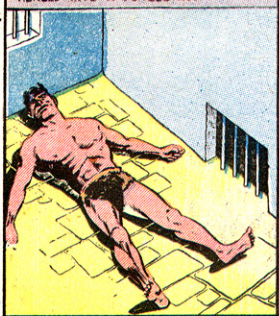
TRUSSSED UP THUN'DA AND SABRE ARE CARTED ACROSS THE WAVING GRASSLANDS OF THE DAWN WORLD. WHILE PHA AND THE SLAVE GIRL STAGGER ON BESIDE THEM...



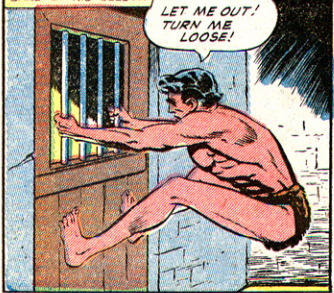
IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE MEMORY OF MAN, ANCIENT KOR WAS A THRIVING CITY. HERE CAME THE FIGHTING MEN OF ATLANTIS AND MU, SUMER AND OPHIR — NATIONS SO OLD THEY ARE ONLY LEGENDS IN THE WORLD TODAY. YET KOR STILL LIVES, A PILE OF CRUMBLING MASONRY, INHABITED ONLY BY THE APEMEN WHO DWELL IN ITS HALLS AND CORRIDORS...



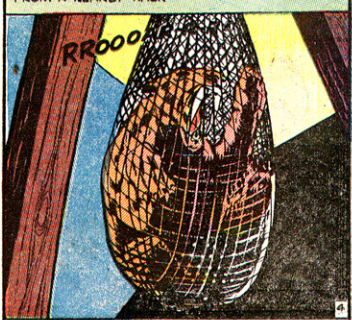
BEATEN AND BATTERED, THUN'DA IS HURLED INTO A DUNGEON...



THE MINUTES SLIDE INTO HOURS. THE MIGHTY JUNGLE KING WAKENS SUDDENLY. IN A MOMENT HE IS ON HIS FEET — HURLING HIMSELF AT THE BARS OF HIS CELL...

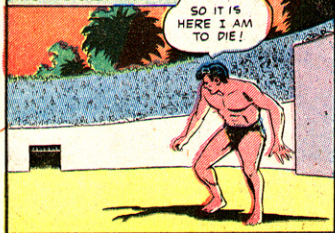


HIS CRY OF FURY IS ECHOED BY A SAVAGE SCREAM FROM A NEARBY RACK —



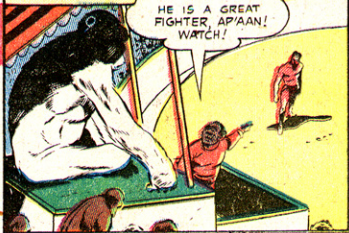
SLOWLY THE DAYS PASS. ON THE MORNING OF HIS FIFTH DAY IN THE CELL, THUN'DA IS LED FORTH INTO THE GREAT ARENA—

SO IT IS
HERE I AM
TO DIE!

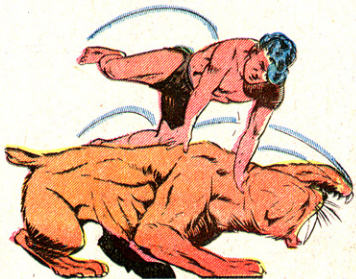
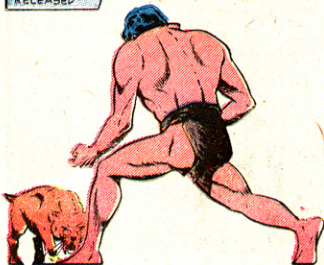


WATCHING HIM WITH HARD, CRUEL EYES IS BOORG—AND BEHIND BOORG—TOWERING ABOVE HIM—AP'AAN, THE APE GOD OF KOR!

HE IS A GREAT
FIGHTER, AP'AAN!
WATCH!



FROM A GRILLE DOOR A MIGHTY SABRETOOTH IS RELEASED—

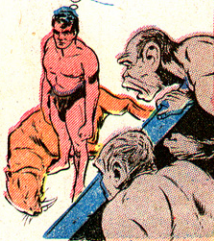


FROM WRESTLING WITH
SABRE SO OFTEN, I KNOW
THIS CHOKE-HOLD AS I
KNOW MY HAND!



FOR AN INSTANT THE WILD
THOUGHT OF ESCAPE COMES
TO THUN'DA—

I COULD CLEAR THAT
WALL WITH A LEAP— BUT
PHA AND THE CAVE GIRL ARE
STILL HERE! I CANNOT LEAVE
THEM!



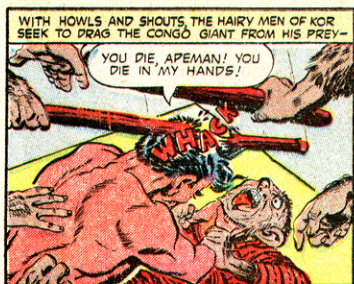
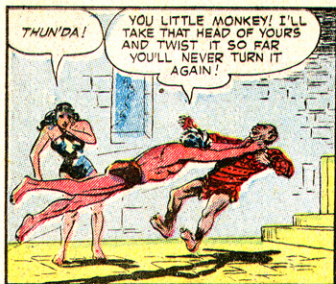
ON THE WAY BACK TO HIS CELL...

A LITTLE WILDCAT!
GOOD! I LIKE TAMING
PRETTY
WILDCATS...

NO...NO!

PHA—AND
BOORG!





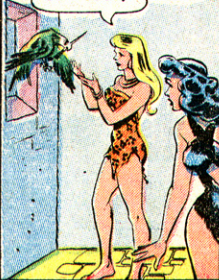
FOAMING AT THE MOUTH IN A MAD FRENZY, BOORG HURLS HIS THREATS AT THE RAGING JUNGLE KING!

TOMORROW...YOU PAY FOR TOUCHING BOORG...BY FACING THREE SABRETOOTH TIGERS... IN THE ARENA. NO MAN CAN DO THAT—AND LIVE!

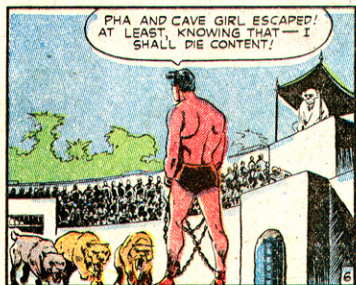
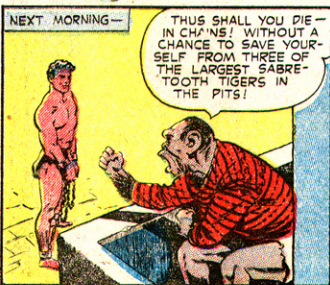
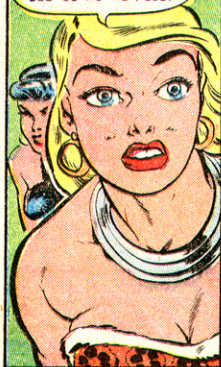


THAT NIGHT, PHA WHISPERS THE DREAD NEWS TO THE CAVE GIRL. MOMENTS AFTER, CAVE GIRL SENDS A SHRILL WHISTLE OUTWARD INTO THE NIGHT—

MY FEATHERED BROTHER BRINGS ME THE DAGGER FROM THE FLOOR OF MY CAVE HOME... WITH IT, WE SHALL PICK OUR LOCK!



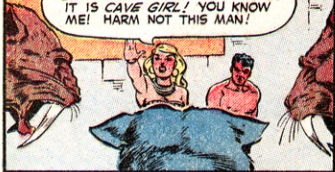
ALL SLEEP IN THESE HOURS OF THE EARLY MORNING. NONE SHALL SEE US AS WE FLEE!



WITH ABRUPT SUDDENNESS, A LOW SCREAM RISES IN THE AIR. IN MIDLEAP, THE HUGE TIGERS DROP TO THE GROUND—

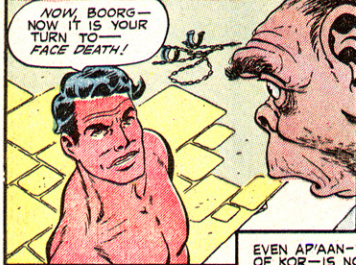
STAAA-YAAA!

BROTHERS OF THE LONG TUSKS!
IT IS CAVE GIRL! YOU KNOW
ME! HARM NOT THIS MAN!



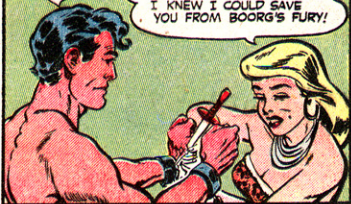
WITH A HARD GRIN, THUN'DA TURNS TOWARD THE STONE SEATS ABOVE HIM...

NOW, BOORG—
NOW IT IS YOUR
TURN TO
FACE DEATH!



YOU DID NOT
ESCAPE WHILE
YOU HAD THE
CHANCE?

AND LEAVE YOU TO
DIE? SINCE ALL ANIMALS
KNOW AND LOVE ME—SINCE
I SPEAK WITH THEM AND
KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE—
I KNEW I COULD SAVE
YOU FROM BOORG'S FURY!

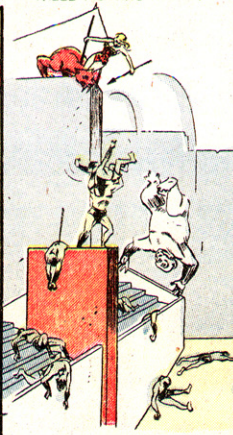
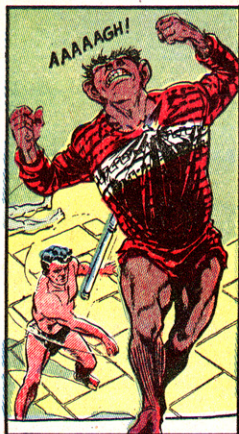


THUN'DA AND CAVE GIRL— WITH THE SABRE-
TOOTHES FOLLOWING—LEAP UPWARD—

SLAY, BROTHER LONG TUSKS!
SLAY THE EVIL APEMEN!



EVEN AP'AAN-WHITE APE-GOD
OF KOR—IS NO MATCH FOR
THESE FIGHTING FURIES!



THE APE-MEN BREAK AND FLEE
AS THEIR APE GOD DIES! THE
PATH TO FREEDOM, AND THE
LOVELY MEADOWLANDS OF THE
DAWN WORLD LIE OPEN...



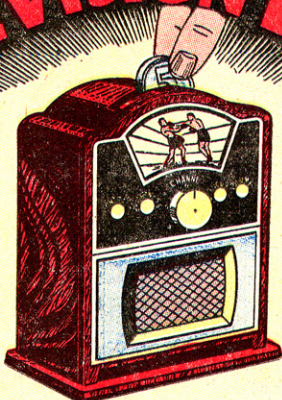
THE
END

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AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY!"—AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

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ACTION-PACKED BUCKING BRONCO! ACTUALLY ROCKS... BOUNCES NEIGHS!



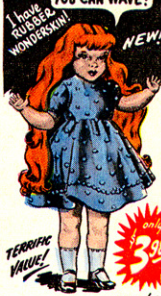
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